THE

EVANGELICAL INTELLIGENCER.

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. II. JULY, 1808. No. VII.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. JOHN NEWTON, RECTOR OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, &c. LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

BIOGRAPHERS frequently observe, that the calm and even tenor of a clergyman's life seldom affords those remarkable incidents which render a memoir generally interesting. Mr. Newton's, however, is a striking exception (that part of it especially which preceded his conversion and entrance into the ministry;) and we rejoice to think that, in giving an account of it, we are not confined to those scanty and defective materials which are with difficulty gleaned from uncertain quarters. We are favoured with full and clear memorials, written by himself, and which have been long before the public. We refer to "An Authentic Narrative, &c. in a Series of Letters to the Rev. Dr. Haweis," published in the year 1764; his "Letters to a Wife," printed in 1793; his "Apologia, Letters," &c. From these and other undoubted sources, we derive the following most interesting and affecting particulars.

Mr. John Newton was born in London, on the 24th of July, 1725. His father, who appears to have been a sensible and moral man, was captain of a merchant-ship. His mother was a pious experienced christian, a dissenter, in communion with Dr. Jennings. Mr. Newton was her only child; and, as she was of a weak constitution and a retired temper, she devoted herself almost entirely to his education. She taught him to read, and stored his memory, which was then very retentive, with many chapters of the Bible, hymns, and catechisms; and, though these

pious efforts did not reach his heart, nor prevent him afterwards from running to a sad excess of riot, yet they occasioned a considerable restraint for a season. It was long before he could entirely shake off his religious impressions; and, when he was at length awakened to a sense of his condition, the recollection of these "first principles," proved of unspeakable advantage to him. Mr. Newton, therefore, justly considered his own case as affording much encouragement to godly parents, to be diligent and persevering in the religious instruction of their children.

His mother who observed his mental improvement with peculiar pleasure, earnestly desired that he might become a minister of the gospel, if the Lord should so incline his heart. With this view, probably, he began, when six years of age, to learn Latin; but soon the intended plan of his education was entirely deranged, and he was deprived of the guide of his youth before he was seven years old.

His father, who was then at sea, returned to England during the following year, and soon after married again. Thus he passed into fresh hands; and, though well treated in all other respects, the loss of his mother's instructions was not repaired. He mingled with profane children, and learned their ways. He was then sent to a boarding school in Essex, where he was severely and improperly treated; but, during the latter part of the two years which he spent there, he made a considerable progress in the Latin language.

When he was eleven years old his father took him to sea; and, from that time to the year 1742, he made several voyages, but with considerable intervals between them; which were chiefly spent in the country, excepting a few months at Alicant, in Spain, where he had a very advantageous prospect; but his unsettled disposition, and impatience of restraint, rendered the design abortive.

During this period, his temper and conduct were exceedingly various. At one time, he would pray, read the scriptures, and keep a sort of diary; then he would grow weary of religion, gradually give it up, and become worse than before. He had learned to curse and blaspheme before he was twelve years old. A narrow escape from death by the fall of a horse affected him for a time; but he soon declined again. Struggles between sin and conscience were often repeated; but, on every relapse, he

sunk into greater depths of wickedness. He often saw the necessity of religion as a mean of escaping hell; but he loved sin too well to forsake it.

One of his religious fits (if we may so term them) continued for two years. He read, fasted, prayed, and became a strict pharisee; but it was a poor religion; it left him, in many respects, under the power of sin, and only tended to make him gloomy and useless.

In this state of mind he met with a deistical book, "lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics;" this was exactly suited to his romantic turn of mind, and he read it with avidity; but was not aware of its baneful tendency. No immediate effect, indeed, followed; but it operated like a slow poison, and prepared the way for all that followed.

In the year 1742, his father, not intending to go to sea again, was desirous of settling him in business; but he was averse to the thoughts of industrious application. At length, a merchant in Liverpool proposed to send him for some years to Jamaica. He consented; every thing was prepared, and he was to sail the following week. In the mean time, his father sent him on some business into Kent, a few miles from Maidstone, where he was to have staid but a few days; but this little journey gave rise to a new series of unexpected and uncommon events, which affected his whole future life.

In this journey he paid a visit to a family with which his mother had been intimately acquainted, and where he met with the kindest reception. His friends had two daughters, the eldest of whom had (as he afterwards understood) been considered by both her mother and his own, as a future wife for him. Almost at the first sight of this young lady (who was then under fourteen) he was impressed with a strong affection for her, which never abated or lost its influence; and, though he afterwards became exceedingly wicked, and deaf to all the remonstrances of conscience and prudence, yet his regard for her was always the same, and was almost the only principle that restrai ed him from the most horrid designs against himself and others.

Apprehending that he could not bear to live at such a distance from her as Jamaica, and that for four or five years, he immediately determined, at all events, not to go thither; and, by imprudently staying in Kent three weeks instead of three days,

the ship sailed without him, and the opportunity was entirely lost.

Shortly after this, he sailed with a friend of his father to Venice. He mingled with the common sailors, and relaxed from that sobriety of conduct which he had maintained for the two preceding years. He did not at once become profligate; but he was making large strides towards a total apostasy from God. At this period, he had a very remarkable dream. The scene presented to his imagination was the harbour of Venice: it was night, and he was at watch on the deck. As he was walking to and fro, he thought a person brought him a ring, charging him to keep it carefully; assuring him, that while he did so, he should be happy and successful; but that if he lost or parted with it, he must expect nothing but trouble and misery. He gladly accepted the present, and on the terms proposed, not doubting his own care. While engaged in thinking of it, a second person came; and observing the ring, took occasion to ask some questions about it. Being told its virtues, he expressed surprise at the weakness of expecting such effects from a ring. He reasoned much on the impossibility of the matter; and at length urged him to throw it away. At first, he was shocked at the proposal; but his artful insinuations prevailed: he reasoned, doubted, and then slipped off the ring from his finger, and dropped it over the ship's side into the sea. No sooner had it touched the water, than a terrible fire burst out from the mountains which appeared behind the city. He immediately perceived his folly; when the tempter insultingly said, that all the mercy which God had for him was comprised in that ring, which he had wilfully thrown away. He was then informed, that he must now go with him to the burning mountains, the flames of which were kindled for his punishment. He trembled, and felt self-condemned, without hope, and without a plea; when, suddenly, another person appeared, and demanded the cause of his grief. He related his case. He blamed his rashness; and asked, if he should be wiser, provided he had the ring again? Before he could answer, this unexpected friend suddenly dived into the sea, and brought it up in his hand. In a moment, the flames of the mountains were extinguished, and his seducer vanished. His fears were gone; joy succeeded; and he approached his deliverer to receive the ring again: but this he refused; saying, "If you were once more in-

trusted with it, you would soon bring yourself into the same distress. You are not able to keep it. I will keep it for you; and whenever it is needful, I will produce it in your behalf." On this he awoke, in a state of mind not to be described. He could hardly eat, sleep, or transact any business for two or three days; but the impression, strong as it was, wore off: he speedily forgot it; and strange to tell, it scarcely occurred to his mind for several years. But it afforded a striking picture of his experience, which he afterwards well understood. The tempter awfully prevailed against him. He renounced his religious profession, he involved himself in the most complicated crimes; and there seemed but a step between him and death: but Jesus, whom he defied, rebuked the adversary, and delivered him as "a brand from the fire." He that restored the ring (or what was signified by it) vouchsafed to keep it for him, and preserved him to the end.

In December 1743, he returned home; and repeating his visit to Kent, prolonged it in the same imprudent manner as before; which again disappointed his father's designs, and almost provoked him to disown him. Just at this time, owing to his thoughtless conduct, he was impressed, and sent on board the Harwich man of war; and, it being a critical time, his release could not be obtained. His father, however, procured a recommendation to the captain, who took him on the quarter-deck as a midshipman. Here he might have done well; but, becoming intimate with a determined infidel on board, his depraved heart was gained, and he entered fully into his plan; renouncing the hopes and comforts of the gospel, at a time when every other comfort was about to fail.

After several imprudences, which the captain forgave, he foolishly determined to desert the ship while she lay at Plymouth. He proceeded a day or two on his road to Dartmouth, when he was seized by a party of soldiers, and brought back to Plymouth, like a felon: he was publicly whipped, degraded from his office, reduced to a level with the lowest, and exposed to the insults of all. He was now completely miserable; his breast was torn by the most excruciating passions, eager desire, bitter rage, and black despair; and nothing but the secret, yet the powerful hand of God restrained him from throwing himself into the sea.

The ship, which was bound to India, was detained for some time at Madeira, and was to sail next day: but he was determined, in his own mind, not to go to India; and equally resolved to go to Guinea; and such indeed was the Lord's will concerning him; but it was accomplished in a peculiar way. Having slept longer than usual that morning, one of the midshipmen, in anger, cut down his hammock, and obliged him to dress. He was exceedingly displeased at this treatment, but durst not resent it. He little thought how much depended on this act of caprice. Going on deck, he found that two men from a guinea ship, which lay near them, had entered on board the Harwich; and that two other men were ordered to be sent to replace them. Mr. Newton intreated to be one of them; and his request was instantly granted. In about half an hour, from the time of being asleep in his hammock, he found himself discharged, and safe on board another ship. This was one of the most critical turns of his life, and connected with a train of peculiar circumstances.

This vessel was bound to Sierra Leone, &c. The captain, who was acquainted with his father, received him kindly, and would probably have been his friend; but he behaved so extremely ill, as to make him his enemy: he sinned with a high hand, and studied to seduce others. Thus he went on for about six months, till the ship was preparing to leave the coast, and sail for the West Indies. Just at that time the captain died; and Mr. Newton, dreading to be put on board a man of war by his successor when he should reach the West Indies, determined to remain in Africa. He obtained his discharge; and was landed on the island of Benanoes, with little more than the clothes on his back.

Here he engaged with a person, whose business it was to procure slaves, and sell them to the ships. He was soon attacked by a severe fit of illness; and, in the absence of his master, was cruelly treated by a black woman (his wife or concubine) who was strangely prejudiced against him from the first. It was with difficulty he could sometimes procure a draught of cold water when burning in a fever! His bed was a mat, spread on a board; and a log of wood served for his pillow. When the fever declined and his appetite returned, he could scarcely procure food. Now and then, indeed, she would vouchsafe to send him some victuals in her own plate, after she had dined; and once, when

about to receive it from her hand, he, being extremely feeble, dropped the plate. She laughed at his disappointment; and though her table was covered with dishes, refused to allow him any more. He was obliged to live on unwholesome food, which often made him ill; and was sometimes indebted for sustenance to the poor slaves in chains, out of their own scanty allowance.

His master returned; and on his next voyage took him along with him; but he was soon unjustly accused of stealing his goods; and was treated with great severity, suffering by want of food and clothes, and sometimes exposed, for thirty or forty hours together, to incessant rains. Some of the sad effects of these hardships remained with him all his days; and he considered them as a needful *memento* of the service and the wages of sin. One circumstance relating to this period is very peculiar. Though thus depressed, to a degree far below common wretchedness, he amused himself with Euclid's Elements, which he had brought with him, and drew *diagrams* with a stick on the sand: so fertile is the human mind in the invention of some expedient to beguile its sorrows! In this manner he made himself master of the first six books of Euclid.

About this time he was once engaged in planting some lime or lemon trees; his master and mistress happening to pass by, stopped to look at him. His master said, "Who knows, but by the time these trees grow up and bear, you may go home to England, obtain the command of a ship and return to reap the fruit of your labours. We see strange things sometimes happen." This was a cutting sarcasm; but it proved a prediction; and he actually did return in the capacity mentioned, and plucked some of the first limes from those very trees.

He continued in this state about a year; during which, he repeatedly wrote to his father: he wrote also to Miss ———, whom at the lowest ebb, he hoped to see again. His affairs now took a more favourable turn, by his obtaining leave to live with another trader, one of whose factories was on the river Kittam. Here he was well clothed, lived in plenty, and had a share in the management of the business: he began to be pleased with the natives, and almost content to spend the rest of his days among them: but the Lord again interposed to break his plans, and to save him from ruin in spite of himself.

The ship that had orders from his father to bring him home, arrived on the coast in February 1747; and, by a peculiar providence, the captain found him out, and took him on board. Thus was he suddenly delivered from a captivity of about fifteen months, though he had not a thought, nor a desire of the change, one hour before it took place. This ship, which continued on its business on the coast of Africa for about a twelvemonth after he embarked in it, at length sailed for England; but the voyage proved uncommonly tedious and dangerous. Mr. Newton had now no business to employ his thoughts, except when he amused himself with the mathematics. At other times, his whole life was a course of horrid impiety. Not content with common blasphemies, he invented new oaths; so that the captain, who was not at all circumspect in his own expressions, often reproved him. Indeed, his conduct was so uncommonly and desperately wicked, that, towards the close of the voyage, when any disasters happened, the captain would assure him, that he thought he had a Jonah on board; and that all the troubles of the voyage were owing to him.

In the mean time, Mr. Newton was favoured with some remarkable deliverances from death; but which were entirely lost upon him. The admonitions of conscience became weaker and weaker; and he had seldom a single check, even when he thought himself very near destruction. But it was on this voyage that the Lord's gracious design of delivering him from his wretched and carnal state was to be manifested. Among the few books on board, was Stanhope's Thomas à Kempis: he took it up carelessly, as he had often done before, merely to pass away the time; but a thought darted into his mind, "What if these things should be true?" The thought was unwelcome: he therefore dismissed it, shut the book, and joined in vain conversation.

But the Lord's time was come; and the conviction he was so unwilling to receive, was to be more deeply impressed on his mind by an awful dispensation. He went to bed with his usual security; but was awaked from a sound sleep, by the force of a violent sea, which broke on board. The water filled his cabin; and a cry was heard that the ship was sinking. The sea had torn away the upper timbers on one side, and made a mere wreck in a few minutes. It was astonishing that any of the crew survived to relate the story; and their preservation was almost miraculous.

Towards morning the wind abated; and they were enabled to use some means for their safety, which succeeded beyond expectation.

At the beginning of the hurry he was little affected; but after some reflection, he said, almost without any meaning, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us!" This was the first desire he had breathed for mercy for many years; but instantly the thought occurred, "What mercy can there be for me?" He now began to dread the thoughts of death; apprehending that, if the christian religion were indeed true, he could not be forgiven. He now began to reflect on his former religious professions; the calls, warnings, and wonderful deliverances he had met with; his licentious course of conversation; and especially his profane ridicule of the Bible. At first, he concluded that his sins were too great to be forgiven; and many awful passages of scripture returned to his memory, which seemed to suit his case, and to bring with them a presumptive proof of their divine original.* Thus he waited with fear, and a kind of impatience, to know the worst of his inevitable doom.

About six in the evening the ship was freed from water, and a gleam of hope arose. He thought he saw the hand of God displayed in his favour. He began to pray; he thought of Jesus, that Jesus whom he had so often derided; he recollected the particulars of his life and of his death; a death for sins not his own, but for those who, in their distress, should put their trust in him. He had many painful reasonings about the truth of scripture; but he saw the necessity of a mediator; on the gospel plan, he perceived at least a peradventure of hope; but, on every other side, nothing but black despair.

On the 8th of April, 1748, after being reduced to the lowest extremity, and in great danger of being starved to death, they anchored in Lough Swilly, in Ireland. The fears of sinking and starving he had shared in common with others; but he had a heart-bitterness peculiarly his own. His companions in danger soon forgot it all; but it was not so with him: he was touched with a sense of the undeserved mercy he had received; he was

* Particularly Prov. i. 24—31. Heb. vi. 4, 6. 2 Pet. ii. 20.

affected with the recollection of his mispent life; and was at once happily freed from his deeply-rooted habit of swearing.

During his stay in Ireland, while the ship was repairing, his health was recruited, and he became a serious professor of religion; went twice a-day to church; took the sacrament; and made a solemn surrender of himself to God. He had yet much to learn; his views of the gospel salvation were indistinct; but he was sincere, according to his knowledge; and experienced a degree of peace and satisfaction in his mind, to which he had before been a perfect stranger.*

While here, he wrote to his father; from whom he received some affectionate letters. He was just going out Governor of York Fort, in Hudson's Bay; and sailed before Mr. N. could see him. He never returned to England, but was drowned while bathing, just before the ship arrived in the Bay.

Mr. Newton reached Liverpool in May, 1748, where the Lord had provided him another father, in the late Mr. Joseph Manesty, a merchant of that town; who treated him with peculiar kindness, and took upon himself the care of providing for him. He shortly offered him the command of a ship: this, however, he prudently declined for the present; but accepted the station of a mate. He made a short visit to London, and from thence to Kent, where he obtained an interview with Miss ——; and, before he left England, their intended union was agreed upon, his father having previously expressed his approbation.

On his voyage to Guinea, his religious fervour gradually abated; he grew slack in waiting on the Lord; became vain and trifling in his conversation, and seemed almost to forget the divine mercies. The remembrance of this sad decline proved, however, a useful lesson of instruction, by which he learnt how incapable he was of standing a single hour, without fresh supplies of strength and grace from Jesus. A violent fever, with which he was visited, broke the chain, and once more brought him to himself. He was then exceedingly distressed; and, retiring to a sequestered spot, poured out his soul before the Lord; he was

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On his return to Liverpool, after settling the ship's affairs, he repaired to Kent. All obstacles to his long expected union were now removed, and he was married in Feb. 1750.

In the month of June, however, duty again called him abroad,* and he sailed from Liverpool in August, commander of a good ship. He had now the care of about thirty persons, whom he treated with great humanity, and kept up the worship of God among them. On this voyage he pursued his study of Latin; and mastered, though with much difficulty, Terence, Virgil, Livy, Sallust, &c. He returned to England in Nov. 1751.

In July 1752, he commenced a second voyage to Africa; during which he was wonderfully preserved in the midst of many dangers, and especially from a conspiracy among the crew to turn pirates and seize the ship. His stay on the coast was long; the trade precarious; and he was in 'deaths oft;' but he was as marvellously delivered, and returned to Liverpool in August, 1753.

His third voyage, as master of the vessel, which commenced in about six weeks after his return, was shorter and less perplexed than either of the former: he left the coast in about four months, and sailed for St. Kitt's. On this passage he was visited with a fever, which gave him a very near prospect of eternity; but his hopes were greater than his fears, and he was enabled to wait the event without much anxiety. The Lord appeared in his favour, and he arrived in the West Indies perfectly recovered. On his arrival there, he found much spiritual profit from the

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To alleviate the pains of absence, Mr. Newton had recourse to writing, even while at sea, two or three times a week, though no conveyance offered for six or eight months together. 'I have,' says he, (letter xi. page 316) 'to the amount of near two hundred sheets of paper now lying in my bureau of that correspondence.' A selection of these letters was published by Mr. Newton, after the death of Mrs. Newton, in two volumes.

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conversation of a captain Clunie, a member of Mr. Brewer's church, at Stepney; he received an increase of knowledge; and his conceptions of divine truth became much more clear and evangelical.* He arrived safe at Liverpool in August, 1754.

By the beginning of November he was again ready for sea; but the Lord saw fit to overrule his design. He had been, in general, satisfied with the slave trade, not having the least scruple at that time, as to its lawfulness, and considering it as the appointment which providence had marked out for him; yet he looked upon himself as a sort of gaoler or turnkey; and was sometimes shocked with an employment that was perpetually conversant with chains, bolts, and shackles. In this view, he had often prayed to be fixed in a more humane calling, and in which he might enjoy the means of grace. His prayers were answered, but in an unexpected way. When he was within two days of sailing, while sitting at tea with Mrs. Newton, he was suddenly seized with a fit, which lasted about an hour, and produced effects which rendered it imprudent to proceed on the voyage; he, therefore, resigned the command, and was thus freed from that service, and from the calamitous consequences of that voyage, in which the captain and many of the crew died; and the vessel was brought home with great difficulty.

Disengaged from business, he spent most of the following year in London and in Kent; but he was exercised with a new trial; for Mrs. Newton was taken ill, and for many months, reduced to the lowest state.

In London, he commenced a religious acquaintance with many excellent persons, particularly with Mr. Brewer, of Stepney; whose friendship and ministry proved of great advantage to him. The rev. Mr. Hayward was another of his intimate friends. He was also introduced to the rev. Mr. Whitefield, whose ministry was exceedingly useful to him.

In August, 1755, he received through the kind procurement of Mr. M. an appointment to the office of tide-surveyor of the

* See a volume entitled, the Christian Correspondent; or, a series of letters, written by Mr. Newton to captain Clunie, from 1761 to 1770. In the first of these letters (page 6) he says, 'I often think of you with peculiar pleasure and thankfulness, as by you the Lord was pleased to bring me to know his people. Your conversation was much blessed to me at St. Kitt's; and the little knowledge I have of men and things, took its rise from thence.'

port of Liverpool. This place, though unsought for by himself, was the very thing he could have wished, as it afforded him much leisure, and the liberty of living in his own way.* His circumstances now became as smooth and uniform for some years, as before they had been stormy and various. At that time, religion was at a low ebb in Liverpool; yet he found a godly few, with whom his association was pleasant and profitable. About the year 1757, he increased his religious acquaintance in and about Leeds, where the gospel flourished.

He was now desirous of improving his mind in the best kind of knowledge, and spent his leisure hours in the study of the Greek Testament, and of the Hebrew Bible. He kept up also a course of reading in the best writers of divinity, in French and Latin, as well as in English.

About this time he turned his thoughts towards the work of the ministry; his first inclination to which, arose from a reflection on Gal. i. 23, 24. He could not but wish for an opportunity to testify the riches of divine grace. He thought, and justly thought, that above most men living, he was the fittest to proclaim that faithful saying, 'that Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners;' and, as his life had been full of remarkable turns, he thought himself selected to show what the Lord could do; entertaining the pleasing hope that, perhaps, sooner or later, the Lord would call him into his service. Writing to captain Clunie, July 30, 1762, he says, 'I believe I have, in some degree, that inward call; that desire and preference to the service, and a little measure of that experience, and those gifts, which would justify my embracing a proper invitation, or opening, whenever

* 'I entered upon my business yesterday; (Aug. 19.) I find my duty is to attend the tides one week, and visit the ships that arrive, and such as are in the river; and the other week, to inspect the vessels in the docks. I have a good office, with fire and candle: fifty or sixty people under my direction, with a handsome six-oared boat, and a cockswain to row me about.' *Letters to a Wife*, vol. ii. p. 6.

'When I think of my settlement here, and the manner of it, I see the appointment of providence so good and gracious, and such a plain answer to my poor prayers, that I cannot but wonder and adore. My predecessor, Mr. C——, had no intention to resign his place as reported; but the *report* put Mr. M—— on an application to Mr. S—— (the member for the town) for the place; and the very day he received the promise in my favour; Mr. C—— was found dead in his bed, though he was perfectly well the night before.' *Ibid.* p. 17.

it shall happen; till then I shall wait. I hope it is not a high conceit of myself which makes me want to rush upon that important service; but a serious regard for the honour of God, the good of souls, and especially the constraining force of that love which spared me, the chief of sinners, to be a pattern and encouragement for others to believe in his name.

[*To be continued.*]

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL ESSAYS.

FOR THE EVANGELICAL INTELLIGENCER.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is a subject of pleasing reflection, and one which calls for lively gratitude and animated praise to God, that he hath graciously awakened in his people, a spirit of fervent prayer for the prosperity of his Zion. Many, very many christians, it is believed, feel a growing interest in her welfare, and are pouring out their supplications for her before the throne of Jehovah. For the success of the gospel, for the revival of religion, for the advancement of the missionary cause, for the conversion of the Jews, for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, they are daily and constantly praying with an ardency of desire and vigour of faith which put to shame their former unbelief and coldness. Nor do they pray in vain; God hears their prayers. Who that contemplates the affairs of the church can doubt this fact? Success attends the gospel, and, on various parts of Zion, the Spirit of God descends in copious and refreshing showers; the missionary cause prospers, and some converts are made from heathenism to christianity: in a word, vital piety flourishes, and the kingdom of Christ is increasing. Let christians, then, continue in prayer; and plead in favour of these great objects before the throne of grace, with fervency and importunity.

But while petitions for these objects are daily offered, there is one which, although loudly called for by the dispensations of providence, is too seldom heard: viz. praying for those parts and members of the church which, in consequence of the present perturbed state of the world, are exposed to peculiar danger. While, with gratitude and praise, we acknowledge that the condition of the church, so far as respects vital religion, has been lately improved greatly for the better; let us not overlook

those grounds for discouragement and fear, which the present state of the European world presses on our view. For the existence of the church on earth we have, blessed be God for it, no ground to admit the slightest apprehension. Fears of this kind let us give to the wind; for the promise of Jesus, that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her, constitutes an impregnable bulwark, that will protect her against the most violent, malignant, and persevering attacks of her enemies. In the faith of this promise, let us look upon her as an immovable rock which lifts its head above the billows, and laughs to scorn all their impotent rage.

Secure as we ought to feel with regard to the perpetual existence of the church, we should, however, entertain apprehensions with respect to the existence of the church, the evangelical church, in particular places. How dark the aspect of providence! It seems to portend events which, should they happen, will try the faith, the patience, the courage of many christians. The world is in a most deplorable state; and fearful calamities seem to hang over the followers of Jesus. This may to some sound like the distant thunder which disturbs not the most timid. But let it be remembered, that the storm which collects afar off, sometimes descends upon us with the greatest violence. True, indeed, God can clear the darkest sky; and, by his interposition, he can make events the most unfavourable in appearance, productive of the greatest blessings to his church. But who can undertake to say that he will dispel the storm which now hangs over his church? If he should, how will the blessing come? In answer to prayer. Let christians, then, plead earnestly in favour of those parts of the church which are in apparent danger; let them pray fervently that God would protect his Zion, bring light out of darkness, and defeat all the designs of her enemies. Feeling for the trying circumstances of many of their European fellow christians, let them pray that, as their day is, their strength may be found; that they may have courage to bear a testimony to the truth in the midst of its enemies, and maintain the faith in its purity in an ocean of infidel errors and atheistical abominations.

We indeed pray impliedly for all these things, when we pray for the general prosperity of the church. But is it not plain that providence calls upon us to offer these special prayers? Surely

we should accommodate our prayers for the church to her varying circumstances. Circumstances guide us in praying for ourselves. Are we sick? we pray for health. Do we feel on our conscience the burden of guilt? we pray for a renewed pardon. Are we in a dark, disconsolate frame of mind? we pray for the light of God's countenance, and for the consolation of his holy Spirit. Thus we vary our petitions as our circumstances change; and should we not, in the same manner, suit our prayers for the church to her existing circumstances? should we not pray especially to God for her preservation and protection, when she is exposed to peculiar danger? Undoubtedly. Pray, then, christians, pray, fervently and importunately, for the preservation and protection of the church; for the present is apparently a season of uncommon danger to the evangelical church. Any man of information that contemplates events in Europe which have lately occurred, and which are likely to occur, will feel the truth of this assertion. Let, then, your prayers ardent, believing, unceasing ascend to the throne of God for the salvation of his church; and who can tell? perhaps those fears, which the present state of the world excites in many minds, may not be realised; perhaps the glorious head of the church will appear for her redemption, and say to her, in joyful accents, "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

THAT the Song of Solomon was not composed on occasion of his marriage with Pharaoh's daughter is manifest from his deriving a comparison from the tower of Lebanon, a structure which was not raised until twenty years after that occurrence. Nor was it written to express mere natural affection. Who ever heard a wife, faithful and loving, applaud her husband for marked attention to other females, or urge unmarried women to go and admire him? Yet the spouse says with an air of joy, "King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon, the midst thereof being paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown with which his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals and in the gladness of his heart."

MISCELLANY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

DEVOUT MEDITATIONS.

[*Continued from page 274.*]

No. XI.—*Meditation on Coloss.* iii. 3.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." From these words, I am led to consider in what sense believers are said to be dead, and how they are alive in Christ, and what is implied, in their life being hid with Christ in God. First, they are dead to the law, as a covenant of works. Second, to the reigning power of sin. Third, to the world as their portion. Then on the other hand, they first live in and through Christ, as by his obedience and complete atonement, he has wrought out a finished righteousness, which justifies the soul in the eye of the law; delivers it from death and entitles it to life. Second, they live by him a spiritual life, in as much as it is he who first imparts the principle of it, and continually affords the supplies of his grace, to nourish and strengthen it. Third, they live by him, as he hath purchased, and will assuredly bestow on them eternal life.

Their life is *hidden*, because it is secret and invisible to mortals. God and the soul alone witness those acts of faith, which the believer is continually putting forth on the Saviour. It is hidden too as it is safely deposited in, and kept by God.

Learn from this subject, oh my soul, in what thy duty, thy safety, and thy happiness consists. To die unto sin and the world, and to live by faith on the Saviour.

And may I not now humbly record the gracious communications of divine grace, made to my soul, within the last week: that I have been enabled to rest in the Lord, and to rejoice in him as my portion; and to give myself away to him; to be entirely disposed of, according to his blessed will.

No. XII.—*Rest in the Lord, a meditation on psalm* xxxvii. 7.

The infinitely wise and beneficent Creator has formed all his creatures capable of participating in his bounties, with different degrees of enjoyment as they rise in the scale of existence.

He openeth his hand; he filleth the desires of every living thing, from the most exalted seraph that bows before his throne,

down to the meanest reptile that grovels in the dust. Man alone, having wandered from the fountain of life and happiness, possessing an immortal principle, and a soul formed after the image of God, can find no object adequate to his desires. Continually seeking after happiness, he anxiously inquires who will show him any good; until at last, having passed from object to object, and weary with disappointment, he exclaims, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!" Oh that ye were wise, that ye would listen to the alluring voice of divine wisdom, ye infatuated mortals! Behold! it addresses you in accents of the most affectionate solicitude: "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; "come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." Oh my soul, humbly adore that grace which has concentrated thy desires in the favour and love of God.

Into this rest I trust I have entered, by a vital union with the Lord Jesus Christ; not perfectly indeed, for that remaineth for the people of God, when faith shall be turned into vision. Then in his immediate presence, they shall have a full perception, according to their capacities, of those ineffable perfections, which in the present state they see but as through a glass darkly. As this will constitute the enjoyment of the blessed above, let me inquire in what this heavenly rest consists, and how I may become more settled and established in a rational expectation of it.

It is not a rest of inactivity or sloth; for that is contrary to the nature of the soul. It is a rest which consists in the proper regulation and direction of all the powers and affections of the sanctified soul. The ever blessed God is their first and ultimate object. His perfections are rested in, as the supreme portion of the soul. It trusts to his providence for all that is necessary to its comfort, while passing through the world; and relies upon his promises, for supplies of grace to sanctify and preserve it blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus. By faith, contemplation and prayer, this holy temper and state is attained. By faith, we realize divine things as substances. By contemplation, we feel their influence, and discern their value. Then, oh my soul, contemplate especially the stupendous subject of redeeming love! that thou mayest bless the Lord at all times; that his praises may be continually in thy mouth. O that I could suitably magnify that name, which saints and angels adore! But how shall dust and ashes, frail mortality, attempt the lofty theme?

where begin that praise which shall never end? From everlasting to everlasting he is God. "My theme, my inspiration, and my song," teach me to survey the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of that love of God, which passeth knowledge—

"To pause and ponder,
And at each step let higher wonder rise."

Teach me to view the misery and sin into which fallen man had plunged himself; the transcendent dignity of the glorious Redeemer; the magnitude of his sufferings, and the great inconceivable, eternal blessings he hath procured. Teach me to behold myself, my worthless self, as concerned in causing these sufferings, yet sharing in his forgiving mercy, and entitled by his grace to an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Rest and remain, oh my soul, in such contemplation of redeeming love till thou enter on the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

No. XIII.—*On humility.*

HUMILITY is that grace from which all others flow. It consists in an unqualified submission to God; and it produces superiority to the things of time and sense, with patience and meekness towards others: and thus it saves us from all those severe mortifications and disappointments to which pride is ever exposing us.

No. XIV.—*At the close of a week.*

AGAIN another week is closing and I am so much nearer my eternal home. Many solemn admonitions of the uncertainty of life are passing continually before me, and call upon me to be active and diligent in the important concern of preparing my soul for its appearance before God. It becomes me often to inquire, what progress I am making in the divine life; what attainments in humility, love, zeal and holiness; whether I live and act as devoted to God; whether I desire and endeavour to glorify him. I humbly trust, my desires are brought to this point; to be conformed to the image of my blessed Redeemer, and to seek communion, constant communion with him, as my highest happiness. Yet oh! how wide the difference between this desire and my actual attainments! I would be truly humble and submissive, yet how often does pride and self-will disturb my peace!

I would love my God supremely: yet how many intervals of languor and coldness do I experience. I would feel the love of Christ constraining me to an active obedience to all his commands: but oh! how little gratitude glows in my heart. Whither shall I go, blessed Saviour! but unto thee? Oh! grant me thy quickening grace.

No. XV.—*The exercises of a disconsolate christian on a Lord's day,* [*in the morning.*]

"WHY art thou cast down oh my soul, why art thou disquieted within me?" Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of thy countenance, and thy God. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," said the same sacred writer, "but the Lord delivereth them out of them all." Very frequently their distresses arise from a sense of their own depravity. Sanctified but in part, they experience a continual conflict between the principles of sin and holiness. Spiritual desertion and temptation are often another source of inquietude. But under these trials, as well as in every temporal affliction, we are encouraged to hope in God. To this we are excited by the consideration of his perfections, especially, as they are manifested to us in the Lord Jesus Christ; as well as by those exceeding great and precious promises, which he hath given to his people, the faithfulness of which they have experienced in every age. Why art thou then cast down, oh my soul! Is not this God thy trust! Are not his attributes still the same? Is not his word sure and inviolable? Is there any place exempt from his presence? Is there any creature unnoticed by him? The Lord knoweth them that are his, and will assuredly defend and support them. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." "Through Christ strengthening thee, thou canst do all things." Look beyond this transitory scene, to that world, where thy deliverance will be complete; where hope shall be swallowed up in fruition; where thou shalt be enabled to praise thy God throughout the wasteless ages of eternity.

[*After church.*]

IT is remarked, that those who accustom themselves to observe the providences of God, will always have providences to observe. It has often sweetly cheered and encouraged my soul, to find that the same subject, frequently the same words of scripture, on which I have been led to meditate previous to my going

to church, have been those upon which the discourse for the day was founded; so it has happened this morning. May the God of all grace bless the word, and enable me to live under its influence.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." This is the command of the God of all grace to his servants; and surely if ever any of his people knew what it was to be weary and comfortless, I do at this moment of conflict and darkness. Oh for some heaven-directed comforter, to speak peace to my soul! or rather come, thou blessed Spirit of consolation! and with thy sweet but powerful voice, compose the tumult of my thoughts; oh! present to my view, him, whom my soul loveth. Thou canst give me that faith, by which I shall behold him, even though now exalted to the highest heaven. Behold him, in all his attractive glory, as God and man; uniting all the perfections of Deity and humanity. Behold him, as the Lord my righteousness and strength; righteousness to justify my sin-stained soul before a holy God, strength to subdue any sins, and to protect and support me amidst all the trials and temptations to which I am exposed. Behold him as that adorable Redeemer, by whom we are begotten again unto a lively hope of an inheritance, incorruptible undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us. Thou art indeed the sacred *comforter* which our glorious Redeemer hath promised to his people; the purchase of his own blood. Oh heavenly Father! thou knowest the value of this precious gift; and thou hast assured us, that thou art more ready to bestow thy favours upon us, than any earthly parent to give good gifts unto his children. Is it not the fervent desire of my soul, to enjoy thy presence? and do I not feel, that nothing less than the merits of Jesus can encourage me to hope in thy mercy?

He hath said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that shall ye receive." Ask that your joy may be full. Adorable Redeemer! divine Saviour! thou who didst condescend to become a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who being rich became poor, that we sinners might through thy poverty become rich; and who didst submit to endure the most inconceivable anguish, that thou mightest know how to sympathize with, and to succour thy tempted people; oh grant me that sacred fellowship, that ineffable communion which thou hast been pleased to promise to thy disciples!

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; the triune God; worshipped by all the angels and glorified spirits above: Thou art the boundless

portion of my soul. In the everlasting covenant well ordered in all things and sure, thou hast said, I will be your God, and ye shall be my sons and daughters. Why then art thou disquieted, oh my soul! hope in thy faithful God: thou art now in heaviness through manifold temptations, and the light of the divine countenance is withdrawn, yet this is but for a season; if thou dost belong to Christ, neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate thee from his love.

"Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
The gospel bears my spirit up,
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

Mr. Editor,

The following letter was found among the papers of the late Dr. Redman. It was written in answer to a note from the doctor, in which he alluded to his being in the 61st year of his age. The consent of the writer of the letter to its publication having been obtained, a place for it is requested in your magazine by one of the *Doctor's Executors.*

My Dear Friend,

In a late London paper, I met with the following account of the duration of human life in one hundred persons who were born in the same year.

At the end of	6 years	there were living 64
	16	 46
	26	 26
	36	 16
	46	 10
	56	 6
	66	 3
	76	 1

From this view of human life, it appears that the chances against a man's attaining to sixty years of age, are nearly as twenty to one.

In looking over the history of your life, (which has suggested many new thoughts to me) I think I can trace as many instances of divine goodness in its preservation to the present day, as in most lives that I have heard of. Give me leave briefly to recount them.

1. You escaped death from the numerous diseases of infancy and childhood, which in the city of Philadelphia it is supposed carry off *one half* the children that are born in it, under seven years of age.

2. You escaped death from the diseases to which the fever of the mind and body in youth exposes the human body.

3. You escaped death from the ocean, which proves a grave to thousands.

4. You have escaped death from epidemic and contagious diseases, to which from the nature of your profession you have been repeatedly exposed, in the course of the last thirty or forty years of your life.

5. You have escaped death by recovering from very dangerous indispositions; once from a most alarming imposthume in your liver; once from a nervous fever, about the year 1763; and latterly, from a defluxion and inflammation upon your breast, which often proves fatal to old people.

Added to these instances of preservation from death, you enjoy at an advanced age, uncommon freedom from all the infirmities of old age. "Youth and age (says sir William Temple) differ in this. The first is miserable when it is not *enjoying* pleasure, the last is happy, when it is not *feeling* pain." You are a stranger to the gout and gravel. The *catarrhus senilis** seldom troubles you. Your reason is as clear as ever, and your memory and senses but little impaired. Your spirits are unbroken, and I think you are more cheerful than ever. How many men are a burden to their friends and estates at sixty! You are daily adding to the latter, and the former still look up to you with affectionate and grateful eyes, as the pillar of their hopes, and the source of their principal earthly happiness.

But not only your *life* and *health* and *reason* have been precious in the sight of heaven, but your *reputation* and *prosperity* have both been the peculiar care of a kind and watchful providence.

* The old man's cough.

A man's real character is seldom known until he is turned of forty years of age. It requires a long course of observations to fix it. Your's is fully known and established. You have been preserved from what the scriptures emphatically call the "scourge of tongues," and what in modern times would perhaps be called "the scourge of pens!"

Through every stage of your life, and in every connexion with individuals, societies and the public, you have constantly maintained the character of an *honest man*. This has more than outweighed the few and trifling weaknesses of temper or conduct, that have at any time crept into your character. None of your patients, I believe, ever complained that you had deceived them, or even equivocated with them. You have mixed a degree of heartfelt humanity and friendliness with your conduct to the sick, that differs widely from that which is mechanical and assumed; and this I take to be the reason why you have more old patients than most physicians can count at your time of life. This declaration in favour of your character as a man and a physician is made in the presence and fear of God, and by a person who has had the best opportunity of knowing you thoroughly.* I beg therefore that it may find an humble place among those papers you intend to preserve for the use of your posterity.

It hath pleased God not only to give you a comfortable share of the good things of life, but to *preserve* them to you. You have escaped the wasting effects of fire which often consumes the industry of a life-time in a night. You have lost nothing by idle schemes, nor by robberies. Even the tender law, so ruinous to aged citizens, has left you still in the possession of thousands. These things I am sure you view as matters of great thankfulness to the Author of every good and perfect gift.

Excuse the liberty I have taken in suggesting these broken thoughts. They are only gleanings of a field from which you have extracted the *first* and *best* fruits; may you live to see many, very many, happy returns of the anniversary of your birth-day; and when your useful life is ended here, may you be gathered like a shock of full ripe corn to your father's bosom in the mansions of happiness and glory.

* The writer of this letter lived nearly six years in the doctor's family, and maintained to the last of his life, (with the exception of a few years) a friendly intercourse with him.

With sincere wishes that the benefit of your examples, precepts, and prayers may descend to your amiable and promising children, and grand children, I am, my very dear and invaluable friend, father, and master, your most affectionate and dutiful son and pupil, *** ***

August 23, 1782.

Conscience when awakened readily construes divine providences into acts of judgment and admonition.

In April, 1682, some soldiers came one Lord's day, to break up a meeting and take the reverend Mr. Rowell of Northamptonshire, a pious non-conformist, to prison. The constable whose assistance they sought, admonished them to be well advised in what they did; for, said he, when sir *** was alive, he eagerly prosecuted these meetings, and engaged eight soldiers of the country troop to accompany him, of whom myself was one. Sir *** is dead; six of the soldiers are dead; some of them were hanged, and some broke their necks. I myself fell off my horse and broke my collar bone in the act of prosecuting them, and it cost me thirty shillings to be cured. For my part, I am resolved to meddle with them no more.

Two of the brightest ornaments of the university of Edinburgh for learning and piety, in the seventeenth century, were Dr. Rule and professor Campbell. They lived together in great harmony and friendship, but were in different habits of studying; the doctor used to sit up late, the professor rose early. Many times the doctor's candle was not extinguished before Mr. Campbell's was lighted. Their windows were opposite. The one was commonly called the evening, the other the morning star. On the death of the doctor, Mr. C. cried out, greatly affected, "The evening star has fallen and the morning star will soon disappear." He died shortly after.

A profane and lewd young man came one Lord's day to hear a faithful minister of Christ, (the reverend Timothy Batt) on purpose to convert his sermon into ridicule. The text was "Fools make a mock at sin," and the discourse was the instrument of his conversion to God.

LETTER OF MRS. DODDRIDGE TO HER DAUGHTERS, ON THE DEATH OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, Lisbon, ———.*

How shall I address you, under this awful and melancholy providence! I would fain say something to comfort you, and hope that God will enable me to alleviate your deep distress. I went out in dependence on infinite wisdom, that if called to duties and trials as yet unknown, the Lord would grant me those superior aids which should support and keep me from fainting under them, persuaded that there was no distress or sorrow into which he would lead me, but his gracious and all-sufficient arm would support me. He has not disappointed me: he has not suffered the heart and eyes, directed to him, to fail. God all-sufficient, and my only hope, is my motto: let it be your's. Such indeed have I found him; and such, I verily believe, you will find him too, in this time of deep distress.

Oh, my dear children, help me to praise him! Such support, such consolations has he granted to the meanest and unworthiest of his creatures, that my mind, at times, is held in perfect astonishment, and is ready to burst out into songs of praise, under its most exquisite distress. As to outward comforts, God has withheld no good thing from me; but has given me all the assistance, and all the supports which the tenderest friendship was capable of affording, and which, I think, my dear Northampton friends could not have exceeded. Their prayers are not lost: I doubt not but I am reaping the benefit of them, and hope that you will do the same.

I am returned to good Mr. K——'s. Be kind to poor Mrs. K——: it is a debt of gratitude I owe, for the great obligations I am under to that worthy family here. I meet with such solicitude as was hardly ever equalled: I have the offer of friendship more than I can employ, and it gives a real concern to many here that they can find no way to serve me. These are great honours conferred upon the dear deceased, and great comforts to me. It is impossible to say how much these mercies are endeared to me as coming in such an immediate manner from the hand of God. To his name be the praise and the glory of all!

* Dr. Doddridge died Oct. 26, 1751, aged fifty years, and was interred in the burying ground belonging to the British factory, Lisbon.

And now, my dear children, what shall I say to you? Our's is no common loss. I mourn the best of husbands and of friends, removed from this world of sin and sorrow to the regions of immortal bliss. What a mercy it is that my thoughts are assisted to pursue him there! You have lost the dearest and the best of parents; the guide of your youth; and whose pleasure it would have been to introduce you into life with great advantages. Our loss is great indeed; but I really think that the loss which the public has sustained is still greater. However, God can never want instruments to carry on his work. Let us be thankful that he ever gave us such a friend, and that he continued him so long with us. Perhaps, if we had been to judge, we should have thought that neither ourselves nor the world could less have spared him than at the present time: but I see the hand of the Lord, and the appointment of his wise and holy providence in every step of this awful dispensation. It is his hand that has put into our's the bitter cup; and what does he now expect from us, but a meek, humble, entire submission to his will. We know this is our duty: let us pray for those aids of his Spirit which can only enable us to perform it. A Father of the fatherless is God, in his holy habitation. As such, may your eyes be directed to him! He will support you; and that he may, is not only my daily, but hourly prayer.

We have never deserved so great a good as that which we have now lost. Let us remember, that the best respect we can pay to his memory is to endeavour, as far as we can, to follow his example; to cultivate those amiable qualities which rendered him so justly dear to us, and so greatly esteemed by the world. Particularly, I would recommend this to my dear *Philly*. May I have the joy to see him acting a part worthy the relation of so amiable and excellent a parent, whose memory, I hope, will ever be valuable and sacred to him, and to us all. His loss I think peculiarly great; but I know that an all-sufficient God can overrule it as the means of the greatest good to him.

It is impossible for me to tell you how tenderly my heart feels for you all, and how much I long to be with you. Indeed, you are the only inducements I have now left to wish for life, that I may do what little is in my power to form and guide your tender years. For this purpose I take all possible care of my health: I eat, sleep, and converse at times with a tolerable degree

of cheerfulness. You, my dears, as the best return you can make me, will do the same, that I may not have sorrow upon sorrow. The many kind friends you have around you will not be wanting in giving you all the assistance and comfort in their power: my kindest salutations attend them all.

I hope to leave this place in about fifteen or twenty days; but I shall not be able to reach Northampton in less than six weeks, or two months. May God be with you, and give us (though it must be a mournful) yet a comfortable meeting! For your sakes, I trust, my life will be spared; and I bless God, that my mind is under no painful anxiety as to the difficulties and dangers of the voyage. The winds and the waves are in his hands, to whom I resign myself, and all that is dearest to me. I think I have your prayers, and those of my dear friends with you. Farewel, my dear children!

I am your afflicted, but most affectionate mother,

M. DODDRIDGE.

"*Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*" Eccles. xii. 6.

THE whole verse may be a description of the functions of life taken from a well; where is a *cord* to the *bowl* or bucket with which the water is drawn, a *wheel* by which the more easy to raise it, a *cistern* into which it may be poured, and a *pitcher* or vessel to carry it away with; but now all are broken and become useless. SCOT.

"*Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy.*" Rev. i. 3.

THE distinction is remarkable of him that readeth and of them that hear; for books being then in manuscript were in much fewer hands, and it was a much readier way to publish a prophecy or any thing by public reading, than by transcribing copies. It was too the custom of that age to read all the apostolical writings in the congregation of the faithful. NEWTON.

WHEN Collins, the poet, withdrew from study, he travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school. When a friend took it into his hand out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "*I have only one book*," said he, "but that is the best." *Johnson's Lives.*

We are induced to insert the following extract from a British publication, because we think every similar article will interest those who have recently been making exertions to circulate Religious Tracts in our own country.

INQUIRY ABOUT RELIGIOUS TRACTS.

Mr. Editor,

The period when the more general attention of ministers and christians was called to lay themselves out for the everlasting happiness of their countrymen, who were living without God in the world, by publishing tracts, and preaching in the villages, formed an era in the religious history of this country not to be forgotten: and for the last eight or ten years much good has been done. The writer of this article has not been indolent in his circle of provincial missions, and is not without some experience in this business. He has sometimes witnessed conversions which future time has verified by their abiding in the doctrines of Christ; others he has seen, who like grass on the house tops, which looked green and gay for a time, but soon withered and perished; and others, who having professed to receive the word of Christ, ran well for a time, but afterwards gradually retired, and awfully departed from the truth, though not utterly abandoned the ways of God: yet they are so far fallen as to disgrace their profession, and seldom meet with those who worship God, except it be in their own village. To strengthen the things that remain, and which are ready to die, is the counsel of heaven, and ought not to be neglected. The design of this paper is to inquire, whether there be amongst the *religious tracts* generally sold at the warehouse for that purpose, any brief, plain, and pointed address to the consciences of such persons, who may be considered rather as backsliders than open apostates? Your answer to this will greatly oblige one who has frequently had occasion to mingle his tears with his joys, while labouring in this sphere, in hope of a crown that fadeth not away.

EVEILLER.

"All is pleasing that the king does," said a flattering courtier once to Astyages. Without flattery, with a becoming resignation of spirit to the divine will, the saint in his greatest adversities should say of his God—"All is pleasing that the King does."

SOLOMON describes a wicked man as already lost, "as he that lieth down in the midst (or heart) of the sea," or, as exposed every moment to a sudden and irrecoverable fall, like him that "lieth upon the top of a mast."....What meanest thou, O sleeper!

"YOU suppose, that, according to the *calvinistic* scheme, God denies what is necessary for present comfort and final acceptance, even to some who sincerely seek it. This is contrary to scripture, and no less contrary to the doctrine of your opponents. However, to confirm yourself in this misapprehension, you ask, "Would *you* "deny it to any, if it were in *your* power?" To show the error of such a sentiment, and the fallacy of such reasoning, I shall just mention a recent melancholy fact.

"News is brought, that the *Prince George* man of war, admiral *Broderick's* own ship, is burnt, and sunk, and above four hundred souls, that were on board, are perished. Six hours the flames prevailed; while every means was used to preserve the ship and crew; but all to no purpose. In the mean time, shrieks and groans, bitter moanings, and piercing cries were heard from every quarter. Raving despair, and even madness presented themselves, in a variety of forms. Some ran to and fro, distracted with terror, not knowing what they did, or what they should do. Others jumped overboard, from all parts; and, to avoid one death, leaped into the jaws of another. Those unhappy wretches, who could not swim, were obliged to remain upon the wreck, though flakes of fire fell on their bodies. Soon the masts went away, and killed numbers. Those who were not killed, thought themselves happy to get upon the floating timber. Nor yet were they safe; for, the fire communicated itself to the guns, which, being loaded and shotted, swept multitudes from this their last refuge.—What say you, sir, to this dismal narrative? does not your heart bleed? would you have stood by and denied your succour, if it had been in your power to help? would not you have done your utmost to prevent the fatal catastrophe? yet the Lord saw this extreme distress. He heard their piteous moans. He was able to save them, yet withdrew his assistance. Now, because you would gladly have succoured them if you could, and God Almighty could, but would not send them aid; will you therefore conclude, that *you* are above your Lord, and that *your* loving-kindness is greater than his? I will not offer to charge any such consequence upon you. I am persuaded you abhor the thought." HARVEY.

THE WANDERER RESTORED.

MR EDITOR,

THE following letter was written by the late venerable Mr. Benj. Francis to one of his straying sheep. It breathes so much of the spirit of the christian pastor, and was rendered so useful in restoring the person addressed from an awful state of transgression, (who, I am happy to say, is now a member of the church I have the honour to serve) that I much wish it might be made public.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY love to your person, my concern for your welfare, and my relation to you as your pastor urge me to address to you the subsequent lines.

It is with great surprize and inexpressible grief, that I hear of your persevering in a conversation so inconsistent with your former religious sentiments and feelings, so dishonourable to your christian profession, so opposite to the doctrine, to the spirit, and to the example of the blessed Redeemer, and so awfully injurious to your own soul. Ten years ago, the 11th of May next, you made a public and a solemn profession of your faith and repentance, and you adorned your profession for several years. O that it was with you as in months past! when your conduct was ornamental, when you attended and engaged in meetings of prayer and conference, when you communed with us at the table of the Lord, and when you were much esteemed and beloved by your christian brethren. I particularly loved you, and hoped that you would have continued an ornament to your holy profession. You did run well, but ah, what had hindered you? While so many apostatize from God, will *you* also, my friend, *go away?* Will *you* also crucify the Lord of glory the second time? Will *you* also add to my grief and discouragement? Will *you* also draw back to perdition? God forbid! Where, O where will your present conduct end? Is it better with you *now*, with respect to your reputation, peace of mind, and hope of eternal glory, than when you were in fellowship with us, and walked circumspectly with God? As your eternal interest lies near my heart, I most earnestly and affectionately intreat of you, seriously and repeatedly to peruse the following passages: Heb. x. 24. and to the end of the chapter. 2 Pet. ii. 20—22. Matt. xxvi. 24. Jer. iii. 12, 13, 14.

O my friend! you and I have to do with an infinitely holy God, who will not be mocked, and cannot be deceived. Go, go

to the throne of grace; go to the cross of Christ; neither presume nor despair. O do not oblige us to exclude you from us! O do not exclude yourself from heaven! and do not torture my mind with the fear of being a witness against you in the day of judgment!

Pray come and see me, that I may have some free conversation with you. Expect nothing from me but love and tenderness, faithfulness and sincerity; and believe me to be,

My dear friend,

Your affectionate though aggrieved pastor,

Horsley, Feb. 23, 1798. B. FRANCIS.

Mungo Park, in his travels in the interior of Africa, mentions two things as common among the nations he visited; the affection of children towards their mothers,* and the care of the mothers to teach their offspring to speak only the truth. Even among the slaves, the expression is common, "Strike me, but do not curse my mother." On occasion of an irruption of some Moorish depredators into the town where Park was resting, a herdsman, who, attempting to throw a spear, had been wounded by a shot from one of the Moors, was brought slowly into the town, supported on horseback. His poor mother walked on before, quite frantic with grief, clapping her hands and enumerating the good qualities of her son: *Ee maffo fonio*, he never told a lie, said the disconsolate mother, as her wounded son was carried in at the gate. Ee maffo fonio abada, he never told a lie, no never. Reader, art thou a parent? art thou a child?....Has this anecdote of an unenlightened heathen no voice to thee?

On Friday evening, October 9th, 1807, a woman of the town, in London, who resided in splendid apartments in Buckingham street, was dressing at her glass for the theatre, when she dropped down and expired immediately! The verdict of the jury was "*died by the visitation of God!*" A visitation how awful! how premonitory that "whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

* In countries where polygamy is popular, and the affection of the father divided between numerous wives and different classes of children, it is not to be wondered at that filial love should terminate chiefly on the mother.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE friends of missions in this country have had their anxiety excited lest the important mission in India, under the direction of the Baptist missionary society, should be marred, if not wholly broken up, by the governmental agents of the British East India company; and reports have indeed been circulated that measures had actually been taken to this effect. We are glad to be able to contradict these reports, by the following extract of a letter lately received from a gentleman in London, on the accuracy of whose statement the fullest reliance may be placed.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in London to his friend in Philadelphia, under date of March 29, 1808.

IT is probable you may have heard that the exertions in support of the Baptist mission in India have called forth much opposition of late, nor should we expect that the enemy of souls will be at rest when his kingdom is endangered. Such opposition affords ground to hope, that a good work is not only begun, but carrying on, in that quarter; and we are assured, that even the wrath of man shall praise God;—that it may prove so in this instance is surely our ardent desire.

Several pamphlets have lately been published here, by persons connected with India, on the danger of encouraging christian missionaries in that country, to the political influence of Great Britain. They have been ably answered by Mr. Fuller and Mr. Owen; the latter particularly, in defence of the Bible Society, which also has been attacked in the same quarter. The most formidable attempt, however, has been to obtain in the court of India directors the recal of Dr. Buchanan as one of the company's chaplains, whose name you are no doubt acquainted with, as a zealous friend to the spread of christianity in India, and therefore to the Baptist mission. But notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions, this attempt has been completely foiled. The court of directors consists of twenty-four members, of whom twenty assembled on the question; and of this number seven only voted for the measure: so that it may be fairly inferred that no danger is to be apprehended from that quarter; and this first effort of the adversary being fruitless, farther attempts may be discouraged.

The unhappy differences which have arisen between our respective governments appear to have thrown some impediments

in the way of this particular mission; the United States having afforded so favourable a medium of communication and supply, and in which christian friends there have also so cordially united. Believing that the continuance of amity between the two countries will greatly promote the cause of christian missions, which is the cause of God; and that a contrary event would greatly retard it. On this and other substantial grounds, intimately connected with it, I have built my hopes that we shall be preserved ultimately from any open breach; and many are the prayers constantly and fervently offered up on both sides of the Atlantic that every difference may be accommodated. He who has the hearts of our rulers in his hands, is the hearer and the answerer of prayer; and in the measures adopted on both sides, at this particular crisis, whatever may have been the designs of their promoters, I cannot but see a favourable token of peace. What a victory would it be to the enemy of European repose, and to the great enemy of souls, to see America and Britain again disunited; to see christendom divided against itself! May God in his infinite mercy avert so awful a calamity.

The mournful prevalence of wickedness and irreligion in our land is the only ground for fear. It must be confessed, and it will be for a lamentation, that iniquity greatly abounds. Yet great is the number of those that are standing between the porch and the altar; and as Sodom of old would have been spared for the sake of a few righteous persons, could they have been found, so I trust we shall not be suffered to fill up the measure of our iniquities, and to ripen for destruction.

It is encouraging also to observe, that new plans of usefulness to our suffering fellow sinners, are continually devised and promoted in the midst of us. Let me mention amongst others the establishment of a society under the designation of "The African Institution," patronized by the duke of Gloucester, nephew to his majesty, a character well disposed to the promotion of benevolent and useful undertakings. The professed view of this institution, in its outset, is to excite the injured inhabitants of Africa to those habits of civilization and industry, which the abolition of the horrid traffic in slaves affords now so favourable an opportunity of doing. This, it is expected, will be but the first step in redressing the wrongs and injuries which a thirst after gold has so long inflicted on the sons of Africa. The active promoters of this institution, Mr. Wilberforce and others, are happily conscious that blessings of far

greater importance may, by these means, be introduced into that vast continent; and that, as a nation, we are laid under the most powerful obligations to carry the blessings of the gospel to that benighted land, in which Britain has been hitherto the promoter of crimes that make humanity blush. The day is not, I trust, far distant, when the stain will thus be wiped away, and when Britain shall be as distinguished in her exertions to free captive souls from heathenish darkness and the power of satan, as she has hitherto been in riveting the fetters of ignorance and imposing the yoke of bondage.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES IN INDIA.

[*Continued from page* 303.]

ST. THOME, OR JACOBITE CHRISTIANS.

"THESE people, who still retain their ancient creed and usages, consider themselves as the descendants of the flock established by St. Thomas, who is generally esteemed the apostle of the east. Their ancestors emigrated from Syria, and the Syrio-Chaldaic is the language in which their church service is still performed. They admit no images within their churches, but a figure of the virgin Mary with the child Jesus in her arms, which is considered merely as an ornament, and not a subject for idolatrous worship. They are generally denominated by the country people, Nazaranee Mapilles. Nazaranee is obviously derived from Nazareth; but the origin of the word *Mapillah* is variously accounted for; by some, it is ingeniously supposed to refer to the Virgin and child, the only image admitted within their churches; as *ma* implies *mother*, in various languages, derived from the Sungscrit; and *pillah*, child. Others, again, construe the term to indicate the rank originally conferred on these christians by the sovereign of Malabar. *Poolah* signifies *a class*, in a state synonymous with our secretaries. *Ma* or *maha* signifies *great* or *superior*. The term *Mapillah* is indiscriminately applied to Jews and Musselmen as to these christians, distinguishing each by the prefix of the Jew, Syrian, or Nazaranee, or Musselman.

"It is certain that grants of honour and emolument were formerly possessed by these christians, given to them by a king of Malabar, named Peremaul, engraven o copper, five of which engravings are still in existence; a *fac-simile* of which I have seen in the possession of the resident of Travancore.

"It has been long believed, that these christians held the tenets of the Nestorian heresy, and that they were obliged to leave their own country in consequence of persecution: however, it appears that the creed which they now follow denies that heresy, and seems to coincide in several points with the creed of St. Athanasius, but without its damnatory clauses.

"Baron Von Wrede has written a memoir on the subject of these christians, which appeared in the 7th volume of the Asiatic Researches, and which has the merit of calling our attention to these people; though it is no better than a lame transcript of information, which may be fully and satisfactorily obtained in La Croze's book, from whence every material part of that memoir is obviously taken: indeed, wherever the baron departs from his author, he becomes less interesting, or misleads his reader. That the christians in Malabar were early taught the tenets of Nestorius, is proved by La Croze, on the direct authority of Cosmas, an Egyptian merchant (himself a Nestorian) who published his voyage to India in the year 547. It seems, however, not improbable that christians had been planted in these shores long before the time of Nestorius; and I am inclined to regard the tradition of its having spread hither in the age of the apostles as very far from fabulous.*

"With respect to their religious tenets, writers may and will disagree: upon which subjects human reason avails nothing. The disputes which on these points have agitated the world, are in general no better than the perverse offspring of verbal differences.

"The following is a version of the present creed of these people, being a written communication from the metropolitan to the resident at Travancore.

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we, the christians, believers in the religion of Jesus Christ, subject to the jurisdiction of Mar Ignatius, patriarch of Antioch, being loyal Jacobians,† hold the following creed:

* Eusebius informs us, that there were christians in India as early as the year 189, who had the gospel of St. Matthew in Hebrew, which they declared was received from Saint Bartholomew.

† Eastern christians, who renounce the communion of the Greek church, and differ from it both in doctrine and worship, may be comprehended under two distinct classes. To the former belong the Monophysites, or Jacobites, so called from Jacob Albardai, who declare it as their opinion that, in the Saviour of the world there is only one nature; while

"We believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance, one in three, and three in one.

The Father generator, the Son generated, and the Holy Ghost proceeding.

"None is before nor after other in majesty, honour, might, and power; co-equal, unity in trinity, and trinity in unity.

"We do not believe with Arius and Eunonimus, that there are three different and separate substances.

"We do not believe, as Sabellius believes, by confusion of substance.

"We do not believe, as Macedonius said, that the Holy Ghost is less than the Father and Son.

"We do not believe, as Mawney and Marcianus* said, that the body of Christ was sent down from heaven.

"We do not believe, as Julianus† said, that Christ was only man.

"We do not hold, as Nestorius, the doctrine of two natures and two substances in the Messiah.

"We do not believe, as the Chalcedonians said, that there are two natures in the Messiah.

"But we believe, by the doctrine of the trinity, that the Son

the latter comprehends the followers of Nestorius, frequently called Chaldeans, from the country where they principally reside, and who suppose, that there are two distinct persons or natures in the son of God. The monophysites are subdivided into two sects or parties, the one African, and the other Asiatic. At the head of the Asiatics is the patriarch of Antioch, who resides for the most part in the monastery of St. Ananias, which is situated near the city of Merdin, and sometimes at Merdin, his episcopal seat; as also at Amida, Aleppo, and other Syrian cities. The government of this prelate is too extensive, and the churches over which he presides too numerous, to admit of his performing himself all the duties of his high office; and, therefore, a part of the administration of the pontificate is given to a kind of colleague, who is called the Maphrian, or primate of the east, and whose doctrines and discipline are said to be adopted by the eastern church beyond the Tigris. This primate used formerly to reside at Tauris, a city on the frontiers of Armenia; but his present habitation is the monastery of St. Matthew, which is in the neighbourhood of Mousul, a city of Mesopotamia. It is farther observable, that all the patriarchs of the Jacobites assume the denomination of Ignatius.—Mosheim, vol. 4. sect. xi. page 257.

* These, I suppose, might be Manes and Marcion.

† Perhaps Julian, bishop of Halicarnassus.

is co-equal with the Father, without beginning or end; that, in the appointed time, through the disposition of the Father and Holy Ghost, without disjoining from the right side of the Father, he appeared on earth for the salvation of mankind; that he was born of the virgin Mary, through the means of the Holy Ghost, and was incarnate, God and man. So that, in the union of the divine and human nature, there was one nature and one substance. So we believe."

"The service in their church is performed very nearly after the manner of the church of England; and, when the metropolitan was told that it was hoped that one day a union might take place between the two churches, be seemed pleased at the suggestion.

"The present metropolitan, Mar Dionysius, is now old and infirm, but a very respectable character, and of the most venerable and prepossessing appearance. A person has been sent from Mousul, a city in Mesopotamia, to succeed to his station in the event of his decease: but this stranger, ignorant of the language of the country, with the character of being violent in his temper, and not averse, as it is supposed, to the views of the Romish church, it is to be hoped, will be prevented from ever taking charge of this precious remnant of a pure and valuable people.

"The metropolitan has several archdeacons and deacons under him, who act as vicar-generals. They have fifty-five churches; and the number of their people, as given in to the resident, is estimated at twenty-three thousand.

"The residence of their metropolitan is at Candenatte, twelve or fourteen miles inland from Cochin. In some of their churches, divine service is performed in the Syrian and Latin ritual alternately, by the priests of the christians of St. Thomê, who have adhered to their ancient rites, and those who have been united to the church of Rome.* When the latter have celebrated mass, they carry away the images from the church before the others enter.

"The character of these people is marked by a striking superiority over the heathens in every moral excellence; and they are remarkable for their veracity and plain dealing. They are extremely attentive to their religious duties; and abide by the decision of their priests and metropolitan in all cases, whether in

* This shows a spirit of toleration and christian liberality, very different from the bigotry of the Romish church.

spiritual, or, as I heard, in temporal affairs. They are respected very highly by the Nairs, who do not consider themselves defiled by associating with them, though it is well known that the Nairs are the most particular of all the Hindoos in this respect; and the rajahs of Travancore and Cochin admit them to rank next to Nairs. Their numbers, it is conjectured, are underrated in the statement given to the resident, as it is generally supposed, that they may be estimated at seventy or eighty thousand. They are not persecuted; but they are not permitted to make converts, by the governments under which they reside; and it is supposed, that many respectable Hindoos would be happy to join their sect, were it not for this circumstance: but at present they suffer, as far as I can learn, no other hardship.

"If good men from Syria could be obtained, not as parish-priests, but to superintend and regulate their concerns, I conceive it would be a great blessing to these good people.

"The direct protection of the British government has been already extended to them; but as they do not reside within the British territories, I am somewhat doubtful how far it may be of use to them.

"To unite them to the church of England would, in my opinion, be a most noble work; and it is most devoutly to be wished for, that those who have been driven into the Roman pale might be recalled to their ancient church: a measure which it would not, I imagine, be difficult to accomplish, as the country governments would, it is supposed, second any efforts to that purpose.

"Their occupations are various as those of other christians; but they are chiefly cultivators and artizans; and some of them possess a comfortable, if not a splendid independence. Their clergy marry in the same manner as protestants. Their residence is entirely inland."

SYRIAN ROMAN CATHOLICS.

"These people, as stated above, were constrained to join the Latin church, after a long struggle for the power of maintaining their purity and independence; and still appear a people perfectly distinct from the Latin church, being allowed to chant and perform all the services of the church of Rome in the Syrio-Chaldaic language by a dispensation from the pope. They live under the authority of the metropolitan of Cranganore and the bishop of Verapoli, and dress differently from other priests. They wear a white surplice, while the priests of the Latin communion wear

black gowns, like the Capuchin friars of Madras. The Roman catholic Syrians, it is thought, are much more numerous than the members of the original church. Their clergy are spread through the ancient churches, and, by retaining their language, and acting under the direction of the church of Rome, they leave no means unessayed to draw over their primitive brethren to the Latin communion. It appears to me, that they are allowed to use their original language, and to frequent the original church, entirely with this view; and, as far as I can learn, their numbers are gaining ground. There are said to be eighty-six parishes of Roman catholic Syrians subject to the dioceses of Cranganore and Verapoli. Their priests, to the number of four hundred, are styled catanars, which is a Syrian appellation; their congregations are reported at ninety thousand (old and young included) agreeably to the last returns transmitted to Rome. There is an inferior order of priests, who are called Chiamas, in number about one hundred and twenty. The Hindoos have, as far as I can learn, a much greater respect for the christians of the original church, than for the converts of the Latin communion; which may be accounted for by their not associating with the lower orders of people. Attached to each church is a covenant, where the catanars reside in community, there being three, four, or five to each church. The service is performed weekly, in rotation. There is a seminary at the college of Verapoli for the education of the Syrio Roman catholics, and also one for the Latin church. The Syrio Roman catholics are chiefly engaged, as already mentioned, in drawing their ancient brethren within the Romish pale; but it appears that some of them have been employed formerly in extending the general object of conversion over the peninsula. I saw one of their churches, at a village near Pillimbaddy, about thirty miles on the Madras side of Trichinopoly; and I heard of several others. They had at this village adopted the use of a sawmy coach, like that of the heathens, with the crucifix and the Virgin Mary in it, instead of the Hindoo sawmy. Their church was much out of repair; and the ignorance of the few christians remaining in charge of it is striking: the letters I, N, R, I, over the figure of our Saviour on the cross, being absolutely inverted; nor did the priest who visits them ever notice the circumstance. They read prayers in Malabar, according to the ritual of the church of Rome. Their church appears to have been once respectable; but is now fallen into decay.

LATIN ROMAN CATHOLICS.

"WITHIN the provinces of Travancore and Cochin there are one archbishop and two bishops: the archbishop of Cranganore, and the bishops of Cochin and Verapoli.

"The two former have sees, the latter is titular. The archbishops of Cranganore and the bishop of Cochin are nominated by the queen of Portugal, after the following manner: Three names are sent (when either of these sees becomes vacant) by the sovereign of Portugal to the pope; and the Roman pontiff is bound to select the name that stands first, and to issue his brevet or patent accordingly.

"They are subject in all spiritual concerns to the primate of Goa; who has also the power, during a vacancy, of sending from Goa a *locum tenens*, who is styled *padre governador*. Both sees are at this moment filled by such.

"The titular bishop, who resides at the college of Verapoli, is appointed directly by the pope, and is subject to no jurisdiction but that of his holiness, or the propaganda at Rome. This mission, being more susceptible of control and regulation than the others, has been countenanced by the honourable company, as the following copy of a proclamation issued by the government of Bombay will show.

PROCLAMATION.

"THE honourable the court of directors of the honourable English East India company having been pleased to order that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Roman catholic churches under this government shall be withdrawn from the archbishop of Goa, and restored to the Carmelite bishop of the apostolic mission, the president in council has accordingly resolved, that the said restitution shall take place on the first of the ensuing month; from which time he hereby enjoins all the catholic inhabitants in Bombay, as well as the several factories and settlements subordinate thereto, to pay due obedience in spiritual matters to the said bishops, on pain of incurring the severe displeasure of government.

"By order of the honourable the governor in council.

(Signed) WILLIAM PAGE, Secretary.

"Bombay Castle, 2d Aug. 1791."

"The priests attached to the college of Verapoli are all Carmelites, united to the apostolic mission at Bombay, but not subject to it. The jurisdiction of each is not marked by distinct bounds; the parishes and churches being so intermingled, that it is difficult to form a right notion of their extent. The bishop of Cochin, however, may be said to have a control over all the Romish churches situated on the sea coast, immediately (with few exceptions) from Cochin to Ramnad, and thence round the whole island of Ceylon: the churches are numerous; but as they are in general poor, and are obliged to be supplied with priests from Goa, it would appear that one vicar holds, upon an average, five or six churches. The number of christians composing these churches must be great, as all and every of the fishermen are Roman catholics. The bishop of Cochin usually resides at Quilon. There are very few European clergy (not above seven or eight) under the three jurisdictions, and none of them men of education; and it cannot be expected that the native priests, who have been educated at Goa, or at the seminary at Verapoli, should know much beyond their *missals* and *rituals*. The Latin communicants, in the diocese of Verapoli, are estimated at thirty-five thousand. The catechumen suffers no persecution on account of his religion, when once converted; but the country governments are excessively jealous upon this point, and do their utmost to discountenance any conversion.

"The converts are from various casts, viz. Chegas or Teers, Muckwas and Pullers; and there can be no doubt but that many of higher casts would be baptized, if they did not dread the displeasure of their governments.

"It is well known that the Roman religion was introduced by the Portuguese, at the commencement of the sixteenth century; the number converted in each year, upon an average, reaches to nearly three hundred: the number of course naturally diminishes. The morality of the converts is very loose; and they are generally inferior in this respect to the heathens of the country.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

"Reflecting on the whole subject, several suggestions present themselves to my mind; and I think I shall not be considered as deviating from the line of my profession, or the intention of your lordship, in calling for my report, by offering some

opinions to government, which, in a moral and political view, seem of the highest importance. It appears, from the foregoing statement, that pure christianity is far, very far, from being a religion for which the highest cast of Hindoos have any disrespect; and that it is the abuse of the christian name, under the form of the Romish religion, to which they are averse. We have, my lord, been sadly defective in what we owed to God and man since we have had a footing in this country, as well by departing most shamefully from our christian profession ourselves, as in withholding those sources of moral perfection from the natives, which true christianity alone can establish; and, at the same time, we have allowed the Romanists to steal into our territories, to occupy the ground we have neglected to cultivate, and to bring an odium on our pure and honourable name as christians. The evil would be less, were it not well known that many of the Romish priests and their people, who have thus been allowed to grow numerous under our authority, are supposed to be far from well effected to the government under which they reside: indeed, in many instances, the Roman clergy are the natural subjects of nations at enmity with ourselves, at the same time that they are eminently qualified, by their influence in their profession, to do us the greatest mischief, by spreading disaffection throughout every part of the extended country. The Roman catholic religion, my lord, I believe I may say, without offence to truth or charity, has almost always been made a political engine in the hands of its governments; and we must be blinded indeed by our own confidence, if we do not calculate on its being so used in this great and rich country, where it has established a footing amongst an ignorant people: especially, when it is so well understood that our eastern possessions have been a subject of the greatest jealousy to all the rival nations of Europe. In my humble opinion, my lord, the error has been in not having long ago established free* schools throughout every part of this country,

* To give English morals to the natives in their purity, we must, I imagine, make them read English books. Translations have hitherto been very defective in the different country languages; besides, they must be extremely circumscribed in number. I do not think the natives will come to us freely but to learn English. This they consider as the key to fortune; and, on the coast, the most strict of the Bramins will have little hesitation, as far as I can learn, in permitting their children to attend a free school for the purpose of learning it; for they despise us too much to

by which the children of the natives might have learned our language, and got acquainted with our morality. Such an establishment would, ere this, have made the people at large fully acquainted with the divine spring, from whence alone British virtue must be acknowledged to flow. This would have made them better acquainted with the principles by which we are governed: they would have learned to respect our laws, to honour our feelings, and to follow our maxims: whereas they appear to me, generally speaking, at this moment, as ignorant of their masters as on their first landing on these shores. I speak not of interfering with their religious prejudices, or endeavouring to convert the natives by an extraordinary effort on the part of the British government. Conversion, in my opinion, must be the consequence which would naturally flow from our attention to their moral instruction, and their more intimate acquaintance with the English character.

"I do not mention this as an experiment, the result of which might be considered as problematical: the experiment has been already made, and the consequences have proved commensurate with the highest expectation which reasonable men could entertain. The Danish mission, united with the society for propagating the gospel, have sent some good men into this country, with the laudable view of spreading true christianity throughout our eastern possessions; and the names of Swartz, Gerricke, and others, will ever be remembered by numbers of our Asiatic subjects, of every cast and description, with veneration and affection: and there are happily still living some amongst us of the same character.

"It is true, that the object they had more particularly in view has, in some measure, failed; and few good converts, it is generally imagined, have been made; but let it be remembered also, that they have laboured under every possible disadvantage; they have scarcely enjoyed a mere toleration under our government, and received no kind of assistance whatsoever; that

suppose there is any danger of overturning the principles of Braminism. But their ill founded, ridiculous principles must be shaken to the very foundation, by the communication of such liberal knowledge as a christian can instil into the minds of youth, and fix there by means of English books; and all this, without making any alarming attack directly on the religion of the Hindoos.

they were few in number, and perhaps I may say, without injustice, that they erred (as the best might err) in the means which they adopted: but that they have done much good by the purity of their lives, and by their zeal in spreading instruction. This will admit of no denial; and I doubt not that I may say, without the danger of contradiction, that few and poor as these men have been, without authority or power to support them, a greater and more extended portion of heartfelt respect for the European character has been diffused by their means throughout this country, than by all the other Europeans put together. We have in my humble opinion, my lord, kept ourselves too far from the natives: we have despised their ignorance, without attempting to remove it, and we have considered their timidity (the natural result of their being trampled upon by one race of conquerors after another) also as an object for our contempt; at the same time, that we have viewed the cunning of their character (which is ever the natural resource of ignorance and weakness) as the completion of all that is vile and deceitful. Thus have we continued a system of neglect towards the interests of our native subjects, in points the most essential to their every happiness, throughout the whole of our governments in this country. Fain, my lord, would I see a change in this particular; and I seize the opportunity which the present moment affords, to press the justice and the policy of the measure on the attention of your lordship's government. Having the honour to remain, with the highest respect, my lord, your lordship's faithful and obedient humble servant.

(Signed) R. H. KERR,
Senior chaplain of Fort St. George."

Madras, Nov. 3, 1806.

POETRY.

THE HAVOCK OF DEATH,

Occasioned by the death of Mr. Fox, and other great men.

Swift fly the shafts of death around,
And level in the grave
The wretch unknown, the peer renown'd,
The tyrant and the slave.
The gay, the great, the rich, the proud,
The learned and the just,
Shall mix with the ignoble crowd,
And moulder in the dust.

How many, whose exalted lot
Was once with envy seen,
Awhile were mourn'd, and then forgot,
As if they had not been;
A little time, a fleeting space,
And all shall pass away,
Succeeded by another race,
To pass as swift as they.

With laurels crown'd by hard-earn'd vict'ry, borne
From many a field of blood, and distant clime,
Cornwallis left the world his loss to mourn,
Worn out with age, subdu'd at last by time.*

Then Nelson fell, in that tremendous hour,
When death was glutted with the vanquish'd foe,
Nor stars, nor titles, nor triumphant pow'r
Could shield the hero from the dreadful blow.†

Then Pitt, who climb'd ambition's stormy height;
A faction's idol, and a nation's dread;
Who rul'd the senate with stentorian might,
In silence slumber'd with the quiet dead.‡

Thurlow, in legal dignity complete,
Who firm as law, unshaken held his post;
Who scowl'd terrific on his judgment seat,
On sudden summons yielded up the ghost.§

* He died in India, Oct. 5, 1805.
† Nelson died Oct. 21, 1805.
‡ Pitt died Jan. 23, 1806.
§ Thurlow died Sept. 12, 1806.

Then Fox, who seeking patriotic fame,
Long found neglect and poverty his doom;
At length, when courtly honours scarcely came,
His lifeless corpse is hurried to the tomb.*

Ah! what avails how flatter'd thou hast been,
Thy talents, oft abus'd, but once so bright;
Thy mirth so jocund, and thy wit so keen;
Alas! thy sun goes down in wintry night.

Oh! ye who are panting to rise,
Behold to the dust ye shall fall;
The bubbles ambition may prize,
Corruption shall tarnish them all.
No place upon earth is secure,
No splendor below but shall fade;
The worms that shall feed on the poor,
Alike shall the monarch degrade.

Oh! bless'd is the man who aspires
To honour that comes from above;
His portion shall fill his desires,
His honours shall never remove:
His king will the mansion bestow,
And death shall but usher him in,
Then glory shall finish below,
And glory in heaven begin. ALIQUIS.

TO THE AGED.

PERMIT a friend your ears to greet,
With rev'rence would he ever treat,
The aged and the wise:
The hoary head 's a glorious crown,
In wisdom's ways it claims renown,
'Tis lustre—'tis a prize.

What mingled scenes of joy and grief,
Now sorely tried, and now relief,
Alternately below!

* Fox died Sept. 13, 1806.

Soon shall your sky be all serene,
No envious clouds to intervene,
No guilt, no sin, no woe.
What cause for gratitude and praise
To God, who thro' the devious ways
Of life has been your guide!
This vale of woe you 've well-nigh trod,
Now, near to heav'n, you shall with God
Eternally reside.

The stars, the moon, the light, the sun
Will soon be darken'd, and have run
Th' appointed round of years:
Soon shall your feeble powers fail,
Soon age o'er ev'ry joy prevail,
And in the way be fears.

The golden bowl, the silver cord
Shall soon be broken, and the word,
"Return to dust," fulfil!
Then shall your joyful soul ascend
To God, its Author, Saviour, End,
Its happiness, its all!

O blissful hope! O prospect bright!
Well may it change the darkest night
Of age or fierce disease:
That heav'nly world you soon shall see,
"Ripe grown, in full maturity,"
And share its love and peace.

But you whose years have all been spent
In treasuring wrath for punishment,
O awful gloomy state!
Make haste, delay not, speedy fly,
To-day to Christ the Lord apply;
The next may be too late.

TIRION.

The Evangelical Intelligencer.

The Rev.d I. NEWTON.

Engravid for W.P. Farrand Market St.